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The Butter Maker's Sacrifice; or, How the Parsonage was Built.

A SKETCH.

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'Ram's Horn.')

She had so little and she yearned to do so much. Out on the little ranch that yielded her a scanty living, her life was passed. Only on rare occasions could she go to church, for the little village, the sole link that connected her with a living, breathing world, lay many miles to the west. The way to it, led through sections of buffalo grass, sage brush and cac-

SHE TOLD HIM OF HER GREAT LONGING

tus, with now and then a patch of alkali gleaming whitely in the sun.

In the winter time came the snow and the chill blasts, and the wind that swept for days and days over the plains. In the summer time the earth lay parched and dry under the blistering sun.

She was a slender woman with hair prematurely white, but in whose face glowed a wonderful peace and sweetness, for, in the hardness and loneliness of her lot, she had found the great Helper 'whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light.' With her own frail strength she made the living, for her husband was blind. She was a butter maker, and out on the plains, in her humble little cabin, she fought, unaided, the battle for bread.

On her last visit to the little town one Sunday morning, as she had sat in the plain pew, the subject of a parsonage had been brought up. For years the pastors of this struggling little church had housed their families as best they could. The present pastor and his wife and little ones were now so badly crowded in their close quarters that some one had charitably suggested building a parsonage. But how to raise the money? That was the question. There were not many that could give, and fewer still that were inclined.

Sitting in her pew that Sunday morning the slender gray haired woman heard the pastor's plea, and she longed to give her mite. But how? She thought about it as she drove home, along the dusty alkali road. She thought of it next morning as she churned, she thought of it as she moulded and stamped her fragrant butter. She had so little and her husband was blind. What could she give?

Her eyes glanced over the little room, so plain, so poor. There was nothing there. Then it rested upon the sweet tempting mass under her deft hand, 'I could give some butter as my share,' she thought with sudden inspiration. 'They could sell it. How much now can I spare? Blessed little butter maker, not any injustice to thyself. Still she thought, 'what does a little more self-denial, a little more of sacrifice, signify for such a cause? If only the good pastor can have a home for his little flock, I ought to be willing to do what I can. I will give three pounds of butter,' she decided with resolution. 'I want to do it and perhaps God will use it to his glory.'

On her next visit to the village, she sought out the pastor. He was a large man with a kindly, benignant face. Sitting opposite him in her shabby clothes, her worn hands folded in her lap, she told him of her great longing. Her longing to see a parsonage built. 'I can do so little,' she added tremulously, 'but I must do what I can. I have no money, but—here are three pounds of butter. Take it and put it into the parsonage fund.'

The next Sunday morning the minister rose and faced his congregation. The Committee on raising money for the parsonage had about given up. The contributions had been meagre. Somehow the people would not take hold. There was a sudden hush as the minister stood before them, then he began to speak. In a few touching words he told of the little woman out on the plains. How she lived and toiled and—her husband was blind. Of her great longing to see a pasonage added to the little church, and how, out of her own scanty portion, she had given three pounds of butter as her contribution to the building fund.

'That means a good deal,' the minister added in a moved voice, to her—for—her husband is blind. It remains now for us to see what we can add to it.'

He sat down and there were tears in many eyes. Then a stout man in the rear of the church rose. The committee had not been able to touch him before.

'Put my name down for fifty dollars,' he said huskily.

Another man near by got up, 'My name for thirty-five,' he said, and so it went on until at the close of the business session, the minister held in his hand a paper with names attached, pledging sums to the amount of eight hundred dollars.

Out on the plains that Sunday morning the little butter maker sat with her Bible on her knee. The sun streamed in at the windows. The brown treeless prairies stretched to the right and to the left like an unbroken sea. Her hands were folded in her lap. It was Sunday, her one day of rest. Her thoughts were with the little congregation so many miles away.

'Only three pounds of butter,' she whispered dreamily. 'It was all I had to give, and I longed to do so much, but perhaps it will be pleasing and acceptable in God's sight.'

She did not know that God, through her humble offering, was working in the hearts of men that very moment; did not know that through her, the parsonage was an assured fact; did not know the blessing that was already hers.

On her next visit to the village, the minister told her the story. He wrung the little calloused hand with tears in his eyes.

'The parsonage is to be built,' he said happily, 'and—through you—through you.'

The little butter maker raised her eyes to the good man's face.

'Through me,' she repeated unbelievingly; 'through me?'

'Yes,' replied the good man solemnly,' though you.'

She drove home that afternoon in a tremor of exaltation. The alkali rose in the dust and choked her, the road was long and at the end of it were days of ceaseless toil, but she heeded nothing. God had made her offering good, and through her, so worn, so wearied with a long struggle, the parsonage was to be built.

She folded her work worn hands suddenly over the reins. 'Dear Father, I thank thee,' she whispered. 'Thou hast accepted the little that I had to give.'

The little cabin lay in the distance. She was going back to her hard life, but her soul was lifted up. Out there on the prairies all

alone, unaided and so poor, God had granted her prayer. He had made her of use in the world.

How an Infidel was Saved.

(The Rev. James B. Ely, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

During a tent movement in Philadelphia, among the many interesting experiences, the following occurred in the plaza of the city hall in a noon day open air service. While it is one of special interest, and belongs to a particular class, it is, nevertheless only one of a large number who have been thus reached and definitely brought to Christ.

At the close of the address by the evangelist on the broad pavement, where possibly five hundred people were standing around, an opportunity was given for those interested to accept Christ. This man, who had been especially attentive during the services (so attentive that some of the workers noticed his interest), indicated deep conviction. One of the workers approached him and invited him to come forward in definite acceptance of Christ as his personal Saviour. He stated that he had held infidel views all his life, and had never taken any stock in the teachings of the Bible or of Churches. He acknowledged that a strange conviction had come upon him while standing in the audience under the influence of the preached Word. He confessed that he could not explain it unless it were to state that although he felt this impression and conviction, it was impossible for him to receive Christ or to find salvation in God, for his life was wrong and there were many things he would have to do before Christ would receive him, which he was entirely unwilling to do, and intimated that it was therefore absolutely a waste of time to talk to him in regard to beginning a Christian life. The worker, however, pointed out tactfully God's attitude toward the sinner, and the man listened most attentively and eagerly. Finally he said if it were possible for him to become a Christian he would be willing to make confession of having stolen money from his firm and also from another firm from whom he had been systematically stealing for a long time. He also confessed that from this deception a more serious form of deception followed, and that he had been deceiving his own wife. While he appreciated the difficulty of making full confession to her, as well as to his employers, yet he expressed himself as wholly ready to confess to his wife and everyone whom he had wronged if God would only save him. After the Word of God was more thoroughly explained to him, and fully an hour was spent in conversation, the worker and the infidel separated, the latter promising to take the step necessary, and that he would be at the meeting the next day.

At noon the next day the man again appeared in the meeting and listened with renewed interest. At the close of the services the worker approached him again and had a further talk, in which the man stated that he had made full confession to both firms from which he had stolen funds, and that the firms had both received from him an agreement of restitution. Having taken this most trying step, it seemed to him that he could not possibly make full confession to his wife after his falsehoods to her. The Word of the Lord, which he had so little faith in, was still further explained, and the man's faith in it and in Jesus Christ, whom it reveals, was stimulated. The Spirit of God continued his mighty work in the man's heart, and two days later the man was seen by the worker, and frankly told him his whole experience, and how, with great difficulty, he had gone to his wife and had laid the whole matter before her as to how he had basely deceived her. It was very clear that the man was truly converted. He had made himself right so far as he was able or knew with all on earth whom he had wronged, and now he is happy in Christ, his new-found Saviour. For weeks following this experience, the man's life has been carefully observed, and he has at all times shown the clearest evidence of being sincerely converted to Jesus Christ, and is leading day by day a successful Christian life in fellowship with God.

The gospel of Christ has lost none of its power, and it may be said to-day, as truly as ever, 'It is the power of God unto salvation unto everyone who believeth.'

He Knoweth Best.

He took them from me one by one,
The things I set my heart upon;
They look so harmless, fair and blest,
Would they have hurt me? God knows best;
He loves me so, he would not wrest
Them from me if it were not best.

I will not say I did not weep.
As doth a child that wants to keep
The pleasant things in hurtful play,
His wiser parents take away;
But in this comfort I will rest:
He who hath taken knoweth best.

—F. H. Maer.

Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.—George Macdonald.

Memories of the Ministry.

EXPERIENCES IN REVIVAL WORK.

(Robert F. Sample, D.D., in the 'Episcopal Recorder.')

In the early summer of 1874, much troubled by evidences of spiritual decline in my charge, I preached a number of sermons to professing Christians, dwelling as faithfully as I could, and always with much tenderness, on the increasing accommodations to the world that had marked a season of unusual world prosperity. All the preaching was fitted to suggest earnest searching of heart, and close inspection of the daily life. Many were impressed with a sense of their imperfections, and were humbled by a consciousness of sin. About this time, without my knowledge, a number of Christian women statedly met to pray for their own spiritual quickening and for the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the church. A little later, officers of the church met in another part of the city for the same purpose.

Meanwhile, my concern for the unconverted of my congregation increased. In connection with this, my experience is worthy of notice. I thought to win the unregenerate to a Christian life by a series of sermons on the beauty of Christ's character, the immeasurable reach of his love, his winsome tenderness in dealing with the weak, the weary and the sad, and his power to save unto the uttermost all who would come unto God by him. Accustomed to write and read the Sunday morning sermon (a habit which terminated at that time), I had on the last week in June prepared a discourse on the calling of Matthew. As I now turn the leaves, it seems to me to be one of the most evangelical and tender sermons I have ever written. But when I had finished and read my careful preparation early on the Saturday afternoon, an invisible hand seemed to thrust it aside. There suddenly came to me an impression that it was not the message adapted to the then existing conditions. I tried to put away the thought. Was not the sermon simple, affectionate, Scriptural and all about Jesus? Why not preach it? But the negative delayed my sleep that night and waked me early. I yielded to the voice. I went to my study, which was retired and quiet, and lay down on a lounge in anxious thought. In an hour and a half I had wrought out a discourse as far removed in nearly every characteristic from what I had written as the Sahara swept by simoon was unlike the gardens which surrounded my native town. It was about sin—deep, dark, dreadful. It dwelt on the ingratitude of unbelief, the peril of delay, and the impossibility of escaping eternal judgments except through the blood of the crucified One. Some of the Scriptural passages, and the interpretations of them, were somewhat startling. 'Go now unto the gods to whom you have sacrificed, let them save you.' 'I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I will mock when your fear cometh.' 'The wages of sin is death.' 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' But the final appeal told of the matchless love of Christ, yearning for sinners, his heart full of tears, his call lingering, yet growing faint: 'Come unto me.' 'Come now.'

The evening sermon, also unwritten, deepened the impression of the morning. The next day I heard of a number of persons who had been awakened, and were inquiring what they must do to be saved. For weeks every sermon recognized the fact that all mankind were by nature lost; that they were already under condemnation; that only the blood of the cross could deliver any one of us from going down to the pit. We passed the frowning cliff of Sinai on our way to Calvary, and the cross, crowning the summit, seemed a new revelation of love. Hearts were drawn by it. An unusual concern for the unsaved was awakened. Christians talked to the unconverted about their souls. Godly women went into places of business, and dropped words that stayed. Little groups met for prayer Saturday night, and prayed in their homes daily, through all the week.

All this was in the month of July. The heat was great. The time was separated by half a year from the week of prayer, to which many had limited the Holy Spirit. There was no effort to work up a revival. No evangelist was present. Departure for the summer resorts was delayed. On through the months the quiet, deep religious influence extended and entered the year following. The number of conversions was not at any time large, but they were continuous. During the last five years of that happy pastorate, the spiritual condition of the church closely approximated the normal. Scarcely a Sabbath passed that there were not several new inquirers. Many young men could say, as did one who learned the first syllables of the Gospel in dear Westminster: 'I was an awful sinner. The memory of my ingratitude to Christ appalls me still. But he reached down to the borders of the pit, and rescued me. The gate of heaven is ajar for me, even me. I would not exchange my hope in Christ for the city, for the world, for all the worlds.' Surely it looked as if a revival had come down from God. It extended to other churches. The fruits of it are still appearing. Messages, brief or extended, have been received from Kansas, Dakota, Michigan, Canada and from beyond the waters, telling of conversion that sent the stranger on his way rejoicing.

BOYS AND GIRLS

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Robin.

(By Isabel Simpson.)

What has he seen in the Southland
That makes him so joyous and gay?
What are the words of his message
He carols at dawn of the day?

Can it be he is proud to be planning
A snug little home in a tree?
Or is it a jubilant anthem,
His old friends and neighbors to see?

Perhaps he is proud to be herald
Of on-coming blossoms and bees?
Who knows but his gay heart runs over
With the promise of beauty he sees?

Whate'er it may be, dear old songster,
We welcome you gladly each year;
You bring us the tidings of summer
With you merry, blithe notes of good cheer.

He Knew How to Say No.

Five boys were together on the playground of a school house. They had grown tired of the game in which they had been engaged and were seated on the grass near the schoolhouse door.

'Let's go to the fishing pond,' said Joe Hartman. 'We can be back before books.'

'So we can,' said Billy Benson, rising. 'I'm with you—I'm always ready for a swim. I know we can be back before books, but it won't hurt much if we do lose a little time. I don't care for losing a little time.'

'Maybe the teacher will whip us if we are not back by one o'clock.' This came from John Jennings. 'He doesn't like it when we are past one o'clock coming in. And he punished Ralph Rankin for being too late one day.'

'Oh, you're a scary boy—you're always afraid of getting whipped! Come along and don't be a baby. We can be back in time for books.'

'Yes, I'll go,' said John. He didn't have sufficient firmness to say no.

Another boy, Edwin Harris, was asked if he would go, and he readily assented.

Then Joe Hartman asked the fifth boy if he would go with them to 'the swimming place,' as it was often called.

'No,' promptly replied Henry Dale. 'I'll not go.'

'And why not, Mr. Dale?' asked Joe somewhat imperiously.

'Because I promised my mother I would not.'

This was Henry's answer, and it was followed by a loud burst of laughter from the other boys. Joe, however, was the first to lead in the laughter.

'Then you must be tied to your mother's apron string,' said Joe, derisively. 'I thought you could be a man in spite of your mother.'

'We need not stop now to discuss the matter of manhood,' said Henry. 'I have told my mother that I would not go again from school to that place, and I intend to be as good as my word. If you all intend to go you can go right along. You need not wait for me.'

'But,' added one of the boys in derision, 'we'd like to have you along to take care of us.'

'Yes,' added another, 'and we'd feel safer if we had a real good mother's boy along.'

These derisive remarks, however, were lost on Henry. He turned away and went to another part of the playground.

The boys were absent when 'books' were called by the teacher, and they were punished.

Nine years had passed and Henry was engaged in a mercantile house in the city. He had been in this position for three months. He liked the business and the employer was beginning to feel that he had employed a young man of integrity—a young man who could be trusted. No great temptation, however, had appeared to turn the young man from his own course.

He had made the acquaintance of some young men who were somewhat reckless, and these young men, whom we shall designate as Tom, Dick and Harry, came to him one evening at his boarding place with the intention of 'breaking him in,' as they called it.

'We want you to go with us and see the sights,' said Tom.

'And,' added Dick, 'we'll not let you get into any trouble. We merely want to show you city life as it is.'

'And,' continued Harry, 'you can then walk understandingly. You don't want to be called a greenhorn. We want you to be smart. We want you to see some of the wickedness of the world so that you can understand where you are. We want to "break you in," so to speak. We don't want you to be considered a greeny. You have been here long enough to learn something about city life and we want you now to commence to learn. We'll show you around and we'll see that you don't get into any trouble.'

Henry was willing to go. He didn't know just how these young men stood. They had been friendly, had treated him well, and those who had spoken of them had said nothing derogatory to their character.

Henry went with them, and when they had walked and talked for a while Dick proposed that they go into a saloon and have a drink.

'I don't drink,' said Henry.

'But it won't hurt you to take a soft drink.'

'I don't drink,' said Henry, 'neither hard nor soft.'

'Oh,' said Harry, 'don't be a dunce; come and take a drink. We want you to be like other people.'

'Now,' said Henry, as he straightened himself manfully, 'you have my answer. I don't drink. If you want to drink I will not detain you. I know the way to my boarding-house. You can go your way, and I can go mine. I would not take a drink of intoxicating liquor if by so doing I could gain the whole world. I'm what you might denominate a "sot fellow." I promised my mother that I would never taste intoxicating liquor, and I will not.'

A loud laugh from pretended friends was the answer to this.

'But,' said Tom, returning to the attack, 'we don't ask you you to drink anything intoxicating. It was soft drinks we were talking about.'

'I class them all as intoxicating drinks,' said Henry. 'Good-night. I am going home.'

Another shout of laughter followed him, but he cared not. He had unexpectedly found out the kind of friends they were, and he was very thankful.

Ten years have gone into the cycles of the past. Henry has a prominent position in a large mercantile house in the city of N——. Tom went into the by-paths of the wicked and was accidentally killed while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. Dick is an outcast and Harry is considered a cipher.

'As ye sow so shall ye also reap.'—H. Elliott McBride, in 'United Presbyterian.'

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Incongruities.

A cushion for the seat of war.
A sheet for the bed of a river.
A ring for the finger of scorn.
A glove for the hand of fate.
A shoe for the foot of a mountain.
A sleeve for the arm of the law.
An opener for the jaws of death.
A lock for the trunk of an elephant.
A pair of glasses for the eyes of the law.
A feather for the wing of the wind.
A key to the lock of the door of success.
A blanket for the cradle of the deep.
Food for reflection.
Scales for the weight of years.
A button for the coat of paint.
A thermometer to measure the heat of an argument.
A rung for the ladder of fame.
A hinge for the gait of a horse.
A tombstone for the dead of night.
A razor to shave the face of the earth
A link for a chain of evidence.
A pump for the well of knowledge.
A telescope to watch the flight of time.
A song that will reach an ear of corn.
A hone to sharpen a blade of grass.
A cemetery in which to bury some dead languages.
A front and back for the sides of an argument.
A book on how the water works and the frost bites.
A medicine to keep the ink well.
A dog to replace the bark of a tree
A pair of pincers to pull the root of evil
A new rudder for the ship of state.
A liniment to stop the pane of glass.
A treatise on what makes the weather vane and the roads cross.—Selected. Author unknown.

A Japanese Story.

A group of girls were around the well one day. They belonged to the richer class of small landowners in that part, and were all well-dressed and well-fed. To them came a youth very poor, and meanly clad, and asked to be allowed to drink out of one of their pitchers; but they all turned away disdainfully because of his poverty, giving him scornful looks and cold comfort, and he went upon his way unrefreshed and sorrowful. Then the teller of tales, who was sitting on the seat in the shade of the cherry-trees, called the girls to him, and they left the well and crowded around him, thinking to hear some pretty story, and he told them a tale.

'Once when the earth was very gay and glad,' said the story-teller, 'a great bamboo reared its graceful head toward the skies, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And all who passed by stopped to look at it, because it was so tall and proud and swayed so gracefully to every passing breeze. Close to this fair, strong bamboo dwelt a rough old willow tree, so old and rugged that none ever thought of giving it more than a passing glance, and the bamboo in its pride looked down upon the hoary willow. One morning, when the dew was on the grass, the bamboo and the willow saw a thin, weak little green shoot rising between them, a futile thing that had leaped out of the ground in the night, and the wind blew it hither and thither until it was twisted and tangled and almost broken, and the bamboo laughed at the weak little thing, and told it to crawl along the ground and not try to stand alone; but the willow whispered to the newcomer to be brave and pa-

tient, and told it to wait with patience until the warm sun came and gave it strength.

'"Let me lean against you and grow strong, I pray," pleaded the weakling to the bamboo; but the proud beauty shook off the clinging tendrils of the helpless one, and would have none of it, and the little stranger, faint and sick at heart, fell on the ground and crawled to the foot of the willow-tree to die. But the willow called to it to take heart, saying, "Just clasp your tender tendrils in my bark, and hold on to me," and the stranger did so.

'Day by day it grew in strength and beauty, wrapping its soft green limbs around the old willow. One day a great mass of buds showed themselves among this green foliage, and the bamboo sneered, crying: "what are those ugly lumps that are now coming among your leaves? Is it a plague that you have brought so near me?" But the next day the sun shone on the buds and they burst open, and the old willow was one great blaze of glory from the ground right up to its topmost height.

'That night the man who owned the ground said to his workmen: "Clear a space around the old willow; cut down and burn all that is in the way; for the gods have sent us this lovely thing, and we must protect it." And one of his hired men said: "Shall we spare the bamboo? It is straight and tall and strong." "Not so," replied the master. "Japan is full of bamboos as straight and as tall, but a willow crowned with such beauty as this no man hath seen." And the thing was done, even as the owner had commanded.'

When the damsels heard this tale, they rose and took their water-jars and went away, all abashed, because they knew that their false pride had been rebuked.—London 'Daily News.'

Two Good Fat Hens.

'Do you take this car for a hen-yard? No live stock rides inside I tell you,' growled the burly conductor on an electric car on a crowded city street. 'Out with you!' And he pushed roughly out upon the platform a bent old women, muffled in a ragged shawl. The other passengers glanced up curiously to see what the live stock could be, and perceived that the old lady was carrying by the legs a pair of live, speckled hens.

'No, ma'am; no live stock, I tell you. Cold on the platform? Well, I guess if I can stand it, you can.' And in a moment more the withered, bowed figure, nervously clutching its heavy and protesting burden, was shut out into the biting wind and stinging sleet of a late December afternoon.

'Did you ever!' exclaimed a fashionable dressed woman, who sat fondling against her sealskin coat a tiny lap-dog, adorned with a huge blue bow. Her neighbor, a young girl of about fifteen, with a thick braid of brown hair falling down over her trig frieze jacket, assented eagerly.

'It's dreadful.'

The fashionable woman put up her eyeglasses to stare out at the cowering little figure on the platform. 'The idea of her trying to force her way into the car with those disgusting hens. The conductor should have put her off at once to pay her for her impudence.'

For a moment the girl with the brown braid stared open-mouthed at the speaker, then with flashing eyes she blurted out, 'That wasn't what I meant a bit!' and, springing to her feet hurried to the back of the car. Opening the door, she stepped out into the blast. The conductor reached up to pull the strap, but she shook her head and pointed to the old woman.

'It's dreadful making her stand out here in the cold.

'I've got me orders,' said the man, gruffly.

'Why are hens worse than dogs? There's a little dog inside.'

'Next stop Felton street,' shouted the conductor, turning an obdurate back.

The girl laid her hand on the bent, thinly clad shoulder. 'Give me the hens,' she said. But the old woman sprang back with a look of terror. Was she first to be thrust out into the cold and then robbed?

'Saints presarve us!' she gasped.

'I mean let me hold them and you sit inside. There, do let me—why you are not afraid I should steal your hens, are you? Look at me. I don't look like that kind of a person, do I?'

The old woman let her watery eyes rest a moment on the pretty, fresh face bent so sympathetically over her own, and her hand relaxed its tight clutch on the yellow legs of the fowls.

'The provision man give 'em to me,' she said. 'I was workin' there. Me ould man do be fair crazy about hins. He's been sick. I've got rheumatic bad meself.'

'I've never had rheumatism in my life,' replied the girl, 'and my coat is thicker than your shawl. Come, let me hold them. How far are you going?'

'To Ash street, Evansville,' said the old woman, naming an humble suburb.

'All right; go inside.'

And in a moment more the fowls changed hands. The girl shrunk back a little as she took hold of the queer, yellow clams, but she nodded bravely through the pane at the wrinkled, grateful face in the warm car.

'Bless her! The saints be good to her! The angels watch over her, and keep that little lamb from harm.' These invocations, to the accompaniment of the swish of the sleet on the panes and the rattle of the casements, made the other passengers in the car fix their eyes now on the girl outside, now on the old woman within.

Suddenly a shy-looking, poorly-clad boy of sixteen rose and let himself out at the rear door. Every eye followed him. The passengers seated next the back windows pressed their faces to the glass. The boy was not then alighting. He was talking to the sweet-faced angel of mercy. What he said only the conductor could hear.

'Let me take them,' he stammered awkwardly enough.

'Oh, I don't mind it out here, thank you.'

'It's too cold for you. Let me take the hens.'

'But it's way to Evansville.'

'All, right,' and, pulling the tied-up claws out of the girl's small, gloved hand, the boy threw open the door of the car.

'Sit ye down, darlint,' said the old woman, making room beside her. Then, anxiously, 'Is he an honest boy, do you be thinkin?'

'Oh, I'm sure he's honest.'

But hardly were the words out of her mouth before the girl opened wide eyes of horror. The boy—the courteous, frank-faced boy—had, without warning, and the car rattling along at full speed, sprung from the platform.

'My hins! my good fat hins! Stop the car! Oh, the black-hearted thafe!'

The whole company was now in commotion, and even the conductor himself pulled the strap to give the boy a chance to repent and again board the car. No, he was nowhere to be seen. The city streets were by this time left behind, and the track was running through a dirty, untidy suburb. Only a few figures, eager to be out of the bitter wind, were hurrying along the sidewalks. The lad and the speckled hens had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened to swallow them up. Hobbling to the door, the old woman was for getting off to pursue the thief; but a kind-looking man with gray hair held her back.,

'Why, the young jailbird's off half a mile by this time,' he said. 'Now see here, ma'am, you just sit quietly down again!'

'My hins! my good fat hins that the provision man give me! And the ould man at home do be just crazy about——'

'Yes, yes, I know; but you sit right down here again beside this nice young lady. Don't you cry, little girl; we're going to make it all right. We're going to make up a purse——'

'An' sure, and the ould man and me never yit had to ask a penny of nobody in charity. Oh, the speckled feathers of 'em, and the good fat breasts! No, no takin' other folk's money in charity, I tell ye.'

'Charity? Who's talking of charity? You come from Evansville, don't you? Well, didn't they make up a purse for Father Carroll last Easter? You're one of Father Carroll's parishioners, I'll bet a nickel, and gave your bit, too, I know. Of course. There now! Bless you! I wish some one would make up a purse for me in this car. I wouldn't refuse it. But, no, they won't not a one of them! It's you that are the favorite! Jerusalem, but the hat's getting heavy!'

Amid sympathetic laughter the hat had gone the rounds, and even the lady with the lap-dog had given generously. It was a goodly pile that was emptied into the apron of the lamenting old lady, who, dazed and miserable, hardly seemed to realize her good fortune.

'And himself so fond of hins,' she murmured.

'Ash Street!' shouted the conductor.

Sweeping up the coins and bills, the girl with the brown braid thrust them into the pocket of the old woman and took her by the arm.

'I will go home with you,' she said.

Five minutes later, in a bare but tidy kitchen, the heroine of the afternoon's adventure was pouring out to the 'ould man' the whole story. Then the money was brought forth and counted, and the girl with the brown hair was blessed first by one and then by the other, and then by both of the simple, honest pair. Then the old woman began bustling about the kitchen, hospitable and important.

'And its a cup o' tay you must be takin' wid us. Sure it's early yet and your mother—bless the day she bore ye!—won't be worryin'. Draw up to the stove, darlint, and stick those little bits of pretty feet of yez into the oven. And what'll your name be, if I might be so bould to ask?'

'Anne Greyson.'

'Anne! And is it strong or wake you'll be takin' your tay, dear?'

It was fully an hour before Anne could tear herself away from the cosy kitchen. As she was putting on her coat, some one knocked on the door, and, the old man opening it, in rushed, panting and shamefaced, the boy with the speckled hens. At his side bounded a great dog.

''Tis the thafe himself!' cried the old woman.

The boy, crimson from confusion, no less than from the buffets of the storm, burst out in eager denial.

'I knew you'd think so, but it was my dog Merlin.'

'Him stole the hins?'

'No, no; I mean he'd been stolen a whole fortnight; and all of a sudden, as I was standing out on the platform, I saw him under a lamp-post—poor fellow, you ought to see him when he isn't half starved, he's a beauty—and I forgot all about the old hens, and J just jumped off and made a beeline for that lamp-post.

Of course, he was gone when I got there—the fellow who stole him had him on a chain—but I heard him bark, and I ran double quick down the street, and—there, Merlin, there, old fellow,' and the boy buried his face in the yellow ruff of the great creature who had placed two huge loving paws on his master's shoulders.

'But how did you ever find us?' asked Anne.

'Why, I remembered you said Evansville, and I tramped out. Didn't even ask if they'd take Merlin on the car, and didn't dare let him run behind; and I went to the priest. I thought perhaps—' here the boy looked a little confused again—'I thought, perhaps from her—from the way she talked—the old lady was from Ireland——'

'Right you are, County Cork; and a foiner country you'll niver see if you live to be tin thousand.'

'And the priest said he guessed it must be either Mrs. Brady or Mrs. Finnegan or Mrs. Flaherty.'

'Mrs. Patrick Flaherty, sure;. exclaimed in high feather, the delighted old man. 'And a foine, knowin' gentleman is Father Carrol, sure! and, glory be! we give him the purse at Easter.

At the reference to the purse, the eyes of Mrs. Patrick Flaherty grew suddenly wistful.

''Twill be a weary work, I'm thinkin', returnin' all the money to the kind folks that give it.'

'Returning the money?' exclaimed Anne.

'Sure, dear; they only give it to make up for the hins; and here they both be, safe and sound.'

'Oh, you mustn't think of such a thing! I know they would none of them take it back. But now I really must go.'

'And Merlin and I will see you as far as the car,' said the boy.

'Saints alive, old woman! you won't let the lad be goin' off widout a sip o' tay?'

When they were finally out in the street, Anne looked earnestly at the boy with her pretty blue eyes, 'I never for a moment believed you were a thief.'—'Christian Register.'

The Price of Manhood.

Into one of our college communities there came last commencement an old man of splendid presence and fine oratorical gifts. The boys, in their parlance, 'went wild' over him. There was but one sentiment among them, 'That's the man I want to be like.'

'Boys,' said an old professor, 'that's a fine ambition; there isn't a nobler man in the country than Mr. R——. God bless him! But before you make up your minds to be like him, let us count up the cost.'

Then the professor told his eager listeners something of the private history of their hero from boyhood up; of privations, of thwartings, of misunderstandings, of losses, of crosses, of disappointments, aye, and of failures, all of which had gone to make up their man.

'You may be sure,' he said, 'God needed everyone of those strokes; he never wastes workmanship. Are you willing to pay this price for noble manhood?' And the young hero worshippers scattered, each hoping to receive his knighthood, even at such cost, but making no more noisy demonstrations about it.

It is for you to desire the best gifts—you remember that precious things are also costly. Hold yourself ready, then, to pay the price of being strong, tender, successful, of being what includes them all, useful.—'Forward.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Old Garret.

A charming old place was that great dusty attic,
With its dim nooks enlivened with spider and mouse,
The store room of rubbish, the joy of the children,
That precious old garret in Grandmother's house!
There were chairs lame and backless, and books minus covers
A tiny tin foot stove, a great spinning wheel,
And another much smaller that went by a treadle,
A pair of wool cards and a queer little reel.

There were bunches of odorous herbs on the rafters,
'Much better than drug-stuffs,' Grandmother would say;
And we daintily tasted of mint, and of catnip,
As we spent in the garret some long rainy day;
Going up the steep stairs with our clatter and laughter,
While Grandmother's chiding up after us steals:—
'Now, children, be sure and not get into mischief,
And whatever you do, pray, don't trouble the wheels!'

But how could we help it, when there they were standing
Just longing for some one to give them a twirl?
So out of sheer pity we patted them lightly,
And sent them a-swing in the old dizzy whirl.
Then there was a cradle, the quaintest of cradles,
With a roof o'er the head and with red-painted sides;
How many dear babies had slept in its shelter,
And cooed as they went on their lullaby rides.

There were roomy old chests that were filled to o'erflowing,
With treasures and relics of years long since gone;
We dressed in the garments of obsolete pattern,
And made the place ring with our chatter and song.
No zest of the pilgrim in search of rare relics
In old mouldy ruins, or catacombs' gloom,
Can equal the eager and patient ransacking
Of children let loose in an old attic room.

We made believe visits, and parties, and weddings,
We sewed for old dolls, assumed housekeeping cares,
And had circuses gay with the dogs and the kittens
We carried or coaxed up the steep narrow stairs.
Alas for the children, the poor little children,
Who never in such an old garret may play!
A garret stored full with its treasures of rubbish,
The dearest of dens on a long rainy day!
—'Good Housekeeping.'

Mother First.

Fred Baker sat one winter evening watching his mother as she patiently stitched away on the garments of her more prosperous neighbors. Mrs. Baker was a widow, and her income was so small that she must needs eke it out by the help of the needle. Fred was almost thirteen, and was the oldest of her three children. He attended school every day, and Saturday he also spent over books, for he had determined to make a good livelihood for his mother and sisters.

But other thoughts suddenly crossed his mind. 'What if mother does not live until I am a man? She looks pale and thin. I'd better not wait to do great things. I'd better begin now. Mr. Ritchie needs a boy over at his store. I think I will speak for the place. He paid Bert Randolph four dollars a week.'

He put on his overcoat, took his hat and went toward the door.

'Where are you going, my son?' asked Mrs. Baker, looking up from her work.

'I'm just going over to Mr. Ritchie's store.'

'Very well; that is a safe place for you.'

Mr. Ritchie was Fred's Sunday-school teacher and she thought he wanted to ask something about the lesson, as it was Saturday evening, and he had been looking over his lesson leaf. But he did not even think of the lesson. His mind was full of his new plan. He asked for the situation and procured it, but said nothing until early Monday morning, when he was obliged to explain.

'Mother, I am going into Mr. Ritchie's store. I knew you would object, and I had intended to keep the whole thing a secret until I had in my hands four dollars, my first week's wages. But I could not do it, because I must leave home before seven o'clock and stay away until nine in the evening. What do you think of my plan?'

Mrs. Baker burst into tears, and replied: 'I think you are a blessed boy, Fred. I never felt the pinch of poverty in all my life as I did last week. My heart was very heavy, although I tried to be trusting. I said a score of times: "God will provide a way," but these thoughts would return: The snow and the cold are here, and I have only a bushel of coal, almost no provisions, and but fifty cents in my purse. Why, Fred, four dollars is more than I can earn in a week. God bless you, my son! I feel that he has provided a way. I had not thought of your leaving school; you were so anxious to secure an education.'

'I was, mother, but I am anxious to secure immediate help for you. I could not go on making fine plans about being able to help you by and by, while you were breaking yourself down to keep a big, strong boy in school. It's right to do the first thing first, Mr. Ritchie says. "Mother before books" now.'

He was soon ready, and as he stood with his hat in his hand, he said:

'Give me a kiss, mother, to keep me company. The hours may seem long to-day.'

She kissed him fondly and again said: 'God bless you,' and he went out to undertake his first day's work.—'The World and the Way.'

The Gratitude of Dixie.

How Dixie's mother caught the distemper was a mystery; but, however the infection had come, by the time that her family of pups had completed the second week of life, she succumbed to the fell disease. Left orphans at this early age, in spite of all efforts to bring them up by hand, the unfortunate pups sickened and died, one by one, until only the smallest of all, upon whom the name of Dixie had been bestowed, was left. And it is in every way likely that he would in a few days have followed his luckless brothers and sisters had not unexpected aid come to him.

It happened that a stray cat, a miserable, dirty, gray creature, had just had a family of kittens in the barn, which had been found and ruthlessly drowned by one of the farm hands, and the bereft mother still wandered up and down, seeking her lost babies. But in the course of a day or two something happened

which caused her to quite forget the loss of her own progeny.

Dixie, sole survivor of his family, had been brought from his box in the house and placed in the grass for a warm sun-bath. The poor little puppy, deprived of his natural food, was visibly failing and his owners had almost given up hope of raising him.

He was feebly moving about, seemingly revived to some extent by the warmth of the sun, when the stray cat, in the course of her restless prowling, caught sight of him. Just what went on in her mind it is impossible to say, but it is probable that she took the forlorn little puppy for one of her kittens, which had been somewhat similarly marked. So straight as an arrow she sprang to the pup and lay down beside him, caressing him with her tongue, while Dixie, whining with joy, snuggled close in the soft fur.

At first the owners of the puppy felt inclined to interfere, fearing that the cat might do their pet some injury; but they soon saw that he was perfectly safe in her care. He began to improve at once, for the cat, happy at having something to care for once more, gave him all the food and all the washings that she would have bestowed upon her own kittens had they been left to her.

Dixie grew apace, like most fox-terrior pups and was soon almost as large as his foster-mother. By the time he was four months old, she had ceased to care much for him, but Dixie was as fond of her as ever, though it seemed to grieve and perplex him that she would not join in the rough-and-tumble play.

Time passed on, till Dixie was almost a year old, and then the gray cat, who, in recognition of her services to the fox-terrier, had been allowed to remain on the place, became the mother of two more kittens. Dixie, it was plain to see, could not quite decide what the kittens were; but he rather liked them than otherwise, and was several times discovered beside the box, which was their home, observing them with the greatest interest.

Unfortunately, however, the new babies were discovered by the same man who had disposed of the previous family. He had no love of animals, and, seeing that no one was about to stop him, he decided that he would make way with these, too. The old cat was also absent, so, putting the unhappy little creatures into a basket, he quickly made his way to a pond which was near the barn, and threw the basket, kittens and all, into the water. Then, evidently highly satisfied with what he had done, he went home. But he reckoned without Dixie, one of whose owners, half screened from view by bushes on the opposite side of the pond, saw all that followed.

No sooner had the man disappeared from view than Dixie appeared on the bank, having apparently followed at a distance, to see what was to become of the kittens. He looked anxiously at the basket, already settling down; then he looked at the water and shivered. (Dixie hated water, and a bath was a time of extreme anguish to him.) A stifled cry from the basket, however, decided him, and, hesitating no longer, he dashed in, swam to the sinking receptacle and took the handle in his mouth. To regain the shore thus burdened was a more difficult matter, but Dixie managed it and reached the bank just as the gray cat, evidently in search of her family, came running frantically down to the pond.

Dixie clawed the lid off the basket and the two kittens, half drowned, but still conscious, as could be told by their terrified squeaks, were released from what had come so near to being their coffin. The cat at once took one of them by the back of the neck and started toward the barn, and Dixie, after a moment's hesitation, did the same by the other.

A visit to the barn half an hour later revealed the two kittens, showing only by a slight dampness of the fur the experience which they had so recently undergone, sleeping peacefully, while Dixie watched over their slumbers and the mother cat tried to express her feelings by rubbing against him as hard as she could.

As for the farmhand, the one of Dixie's owners who had witnessed the whole affair, gave him such a talking to that he never, at least while he was on that farm, was guilty of another act of cruelty toward animals of any sort.—'The Churchman.'

Happiness.

A hermit there was
  Who lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy
  They said he had got.
As I wanted to learn it,
  I went to his cell,
And this answer he gave,
  As I asked him to tell;

"'Tis being, and doing
  And having that make
All the pleasures and pains,
  Of which mortals partake.
To be what God pleases,
  To do what is best,
And to have a good heart,
  Is the way to be blest.'

—Selected.

Who Invented the Alphabet.

(Henry Smith Williams, in 'Harper's Magazine.')

The two nations credited with this wonderful achievement are the Phoenicians and the Persians. But it is not usually conceded that the two are entitled to anything like equal credit. The Persians, probably in the time of Cyrus the Great, used certain characters of the Babylonian script for the construction of an alphabet; but at this time the Phoenician alphabet had undoubtedly been in use for some centuries, and it is more than probable that the Persian borrowed his idea of an alphabet from a Phoenician source. And that, of course, makes all the difference. Granted the idea of an alphabet, it requires no great reach of constructive genius to supply a set of alphabetical characters; though even here, it may be added parenthetically, a study of the development of alphabets will show that mankind has all along had a characteristic propensity to copy rather than to invent.

Regarding the Persian alphabet-maker, then, as a copyist rather than a true inventor, it remains to turn attention to the Phoenician source whence, as is commonly believed, the original alphabet which became 'the mother of all existing alphabets' came into being. It must be admitted at the outset that evidence for the Phoenician origin of this alphabet is traditional rather than demonstrative. The Phoenicians were the great traders of antiquity; undoubtedly they were largely responsible for the transmission of the alphabet from one part of the world to another, once it had been invented.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

More About Doctor Grenfell.

(Norman Duncan, in 'Harper's Magazine.')

'Not many years ago, in the remoter parts of Newfoundland and on the long, bleak coast of Labrador there were no doctors. The folk depended for healing upon traditional cures, upon old women who worked charms, upon remedies ingeniously devised to meet the need of the moment, upon deluded persons who prescribed medicines of the most curious description, upon a rough-and-ready surgery of their own, in which the implements of the kitchen and of the splitting-stage served a useful purpose. For example, there was a misled old fellow who set himself up as a healer in a lonely cove of the Newfoundland coast, where he lived a hermit, verily believing, it may be, in the glory of his call and in the blessed efficacy of his ministrations; his cure for consumption—it was a tragic failure, in one case, at least—was a powdered bull's heart. Elsewhere there was a man, stricken with a mortal ailment, who, upon the recommendation of a kindly neighbor, regularly dosed himself by boiling old pulley-blocks in water. There was also a father who most hopefully attempted to cure his lad of diphtheria by wrapping his throat with a split herring; but, unhappily, as he has said, "the wee feller choked hisself t' death," notwithstanding. There was another father—a man of grim, heroic disposition—whose little daughter chanced to freeze her feet to the very bone in midwinter; when he perceived that a surgical operation could no longer be delayed, he cut them off with an axe. Everywhere, indeed, there was need of a physician of good heart and some skill to stop the waste of power and life. Death and pain were wanton on those coasts.'

'In due course the crying needs of the Labrador coast attracted attention and then the right man came forward to do the work. A young, well-born, brave, chivalrous English Doctor, who wished to fill his life most full of useful work, and so he chose bleak and desolate Labrador.

'When Dr. Grenfell first appeared on the coast, I am told, the folk thought him a madman of some benign description. He knew nothing of the reefs, the tides, the currents, cared nothing, apparently, for the winds; he sailed with the confidence and reckless courage of a Labrador skipper. Fearing at times to trust his schooner in unknown waters, he went about in a whaleboat, and so hard did he drive her that he wore her out in a single season. She was capsized with all hands, once driven out to sea, many times nearly swamped, once blown on the rocks; never before was a boat put to such tasks on that coast, and at the end of it she was wrecked beyond repair. Next season he appeared with a little steam launch, the "Princess May"—her beam was eight feet!—in which he not only journeyed from St. John's to Labrador, to the astonishment of the whole colony, but sailed the length of that bitter coast, passing into the Gulf and safely out again, and pushing to the very farthest settlements in the north. Late in the fall, upon the return journey to St. John's, in stormy weather, she was reported lost, and many a skipper, I suppose, wondered that she had lived so long; but she weathered a gale that bothered the mail-boat, and triumphantly made St. John's, after as adventurous a voyage, no doubt, as ever a boat of her measure survived.

'"Sure," said a skipper, "I don't know how she done it. The Lord," he added, piously, "must kape an eye on that man."

'Fear of the sea is quite incomprehensible to this man. But the doctor is very far from being a dare-devil; though he is, to be sure,

a man altogether unafraid; it seems to me that his heart can never have known the throb of fear. Perhaps that is in part because he has a blessed lack of imagination, in part, perhaps, because he has a body as sound as ever God gave to a man, and has used it as a man should; but it is chiefly because of his simple and splendid faith that he is an instrument in God's hands—God's to do with as he will, as he would say. His faith is exceptional, I am sure—childlike, steady, overmastering, and withal, if I may so characterize it, healthy. It takes something such as the faith he has to move a man to run a little steamer at full speed in the fog when there is ice on every hand. It is hardly credible, but quite true, and short of the truth: neither wind nor ice nor fog, nor all combined, can keep the "Strathcona" in harbor when there comes a call for help from beyond. The doctor clambers cheerfully out on the bowsprit and keeps both eyes open. "As the Lord wills." says he, "whether for wreck or service. I am about his business."

'It is a sublime expression of the old faith.

* * *

'Thus and all the time, in storm and sunshine, summer and winter weather, Grenfell of the Deep Sea Mission goes about doing good; if it's not in a boat, it's in a dogsled. He is what he likes to call "a Christian man." But he is also a hero—at once the bravest and the most beneficently useful man I know. If he regrets his isolation, if the hardship of the life sometimes oppresses him, no man knows it. He does much, but there is much more to do. If the good people of the world would but give a little more of what they have so abundantly—and if they could but know the need, they would surely do that—joy might be multiplied on that coast; nor would any man be wronged by misguided charity.'

We will gladly receive at this office and promptly forward any contributions sent us by 'Messenger' readers for the Labrador Mission, acknowledging in these columns all amounts, large or small.

A Book of Thanks.

We are apt to remember our misfortunes and forget our blessings. Dick's idea is a good one. Try it.

'I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben, cried Dick, 'that I really must—'

'Do something in revenge?' inquired his cousin Cecilia.

'No; just look over my book of Thanks.'

'What's that?' said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

'Here it is,' said Dick; then read aloud:—'"March 8. Ben lent me his hat." Here again: "January 4. When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly." Well,' observed the boy, pleasantly, Ben is a good boy, after all.'

'What do you note down in that book?' said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder.

'All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book of Thanks.'—Exchange.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

White and Gold.

Miriam was bending over a book, and she didn't mean to listen, but now and then scraps of talk would reach her ears.

It was the last day of school before the Easter vacation. A group of eager girls gathered around Juliet Henshaw's desk at the recess. Juliet, it seemed, had invited the girls to an Easter luncheon party on Saturday.

'Everything is to be white and gold, girls,' she was saying, 'but I have had one disappointment about it. I planned to have Easter lilies for the centrepiece on my table—just as many lilies as there are to be girls. A golden yellow baby-ribbon was to be tied to each lily and carried to each plate and fastened at that end to a white card with a name and a jolly, appropriate quotation on it. Each one of you girls was to have a lily to carry home as a souvenir of my luncheon party. I have my ribbon and cards all ready. But if you'll believe me, I can't get a lily in the whole town for love or money. They are all promised to the churches and the hospital. Isn't it too bad? I'll just have to stand a tall glass dish of oranges in the centre of the table.'

There were girlish 'ohs' and 'ahs' of sympathy. Then some one suggested: 'Why, Juliet, Miriam Kinsman has Easter lilies; two great stalks of them full of blossoms. She'd let you have 'em, I guess.'

'Nonsense!' said another girl quickly, 'don't you know Juliet and Miriam haven't spoken to each other this ever so long?'

Juliet flushed as she answered, 'Oh, no, I couldn't ask her for them. You see I haven't invited her to the luncheon;' and the group of girls slowly sauntered out of the room.

'Mean thing!' thought Juliet, as she passed Miriam. 'I don't suppose she'd ever speak, though she knows well enough I'd be willing to make up.'

'Oh, dear!' Miriam was saying to herself at the same time, 'I don't suppose this quarrel will ever come to an end. I'm sure I don't know how to make a beginning of the end.'

But down in her heart a voice was whispering softly, 'Don't you know how? Is that true? I know of a way!—yes, I know of a way,' repeated the voice when Miriam sat down at home by the side of her pot of lilies.

'Juliet's been awfully mean; I don't want to do it,' her thoughts ran on. 'I'd rather give them to the hospital. That seems to be a better way of doing good.'

'Is it a better way?' asked that persistent voice in her heart.

'No, it isn't; and—I'll do it,' she said out loud at last. It was a confusing remark, rather, but I think the lilies understood, for they all gleamed and glowed more goldenly than ever.

Juliet's lunch table looked very dainty. It was set with her mother's best white china with the gold band. The egg salad with mayonnaise dressing was white and gold. White bread, golden butter, gold and silver cake, white and gold 'floating island' pudding, lemonade, bananas, and oranges carried out the scheme of color further. Juliet surveyed everything with satisfaction as she gave the last finishing touches an hour before her guests were to arrive.

Then she sighed: 'I wish I might have had the lilies. They would have made it really charming.'

She was turning away to go and dress when the doorbell rang. She went to the door herself, and an expressman there handed her two great stalks of Easter lilies. The flowers were hooded with queer little cotton batting nightcaps to keep them from the cold. Juliet stood bewildered while the expressman ran back to his team and drove away before she could ask where these treasures came from. She went in and began in a dazed way to remove the cotton batting nightcaps.

'Just twelve of them, the darlings!' she had counted.

She bent over one of the beautiful great-hearts when she spied the tiniest of notes hidden cleverly within. Forgive—Miriam,' was all it said.

Juliet burst into her mother's room with a tangle of golden yellow baby-ribbon in one hand and the Easter lilies in the other.

'Mamma, I'm going out a minute. Will you ask Brother Tracy to call a hack for me while I dress? And, oh! mamma, you know how I wanted my lily centrepiece; will you fix it for me, please, while I'm out?'

Juliet's mother gasped: 'My child, whatever are you going out for within an hour of your lunch party?'

'I'll explain later, mamma!' cried Juliet, flying up the stairs.

So that was how a girlish figure in a golden gown, with a white silk sash, happened to be ringing at Miriam Kinsman's house. Miriam came to the door.

'Miriam, will you forgive—Juliet?' the girl in the golden gown was asking without introduction or ceremony.

'Yes,' replied Miriam simply. 'I have wanted to for a long time.'

'Then come back with me to my lunch party, please,' Juliet begged prettily.

But Miriam hesitated. It was one thing to be the generous one herself conferring a favor, and another thing altogether to put one's pride in one's pocket and accept so tardy an invitation. It was rather a suddent test of the sincerity of her forgiveness.

Juliet's eager face fell. 'Ah, I see you have not forgiven me, after all.'

Miriam glanced over to where the lilies had been as if for courage. 'Yes, I'll come,' she said slowly, 'but I've only a plain white gown to wear.'

'Never mind; your hair is the right color, and—your heart—Miriam—that's all gold,' laughed Juliet.

The other girls of the party eyed Miriam curiously. But in the dining-room Juliet took Miriam's hand and pointed to the dainty lily centrepiece.

'You see, girls,' she said, 'Miriam has pardoned me—in white and gold, too.'—Mary A. Winston, in the 'Sabbath-School Visitor.'

Imperfections.

A party of travellers journeying through Japan, a few years ago, came upon an old artist in ivories. Among the carving which he showed was one most exquisite piece for which he asked a hundred dollars. The price was not at all high for the work, and one of the party at once agreed to take it. Before surrendering it however the artist examined it minutely and the result of the examination was the discovery of a tiny imperfection which he pointed out.

'That will make no difference,' the traveller answered. 'No one but you would ever have discovered it; it need make no difference in the price.'

'It is not a matter of price,' the artist replied proudly. 'No imperfect work ever goes from me at any price. I cannot sell you this.'

The traveller, incredulous, urged again the plea that none but the artist's eye could ever see the blemish; he even offered a higher price still, but to all his arguments the old artist had but the one reply—he could not give his

name to imperfect work—it was impossible. And from this decision nothing could move him.

How the spirit of the heathen artist rebukes us! Nothing was allowed to go from his shop that was not the best that he and those working with him could do, but we—what poor, half-hearted, shabby work we allow to bear the Master's name!—'Wellspring.'

Buried Money.

(Isabelle Ecclestone Mackay, in the 'Endeavor Herald.')

(Concluded.)

'The fever is not serious, is it, nurse?' he asked one day when the child seemed worse.

'Well, the doctor says it is not, and he ought to know,' replied the nurse a little uneasily, 'but if you don't mind a suggestion, if I were you I would call in Dr. B——, the great fever specialist. It's best to do everything possible and not be sorry afterwards.'

'Do everything,' cried the anxious father; 'I would never forgive you if you permitted anything to go undone, though of course there is no real danger.'

So Dr. B—— was called in, but he gave it as his opinion that everything was being done that could be done and it would be useless to do any more. 'The fever,' said he, 'must take its course, my dear sir.'

'There is no danger, is there, doctor?'

'There is always danger, my dear sir, but the case is not an exceptionally serious one. We must await the result with patience.'

It was on the day that this opinion had been delivered that the pastor of the church in which Old Curmudgeon had rented a pew (next to the Jones Van Jones) called upon him to offer his sympathy and help and found that neither were necessary.

'She is getting along nicely, thank you,' said the father, who was always gentlemanly in his own house; 'at least the fever is running its course in the usual way. She has everything she needs. Money, you know, will buy everything—doctors, nurses, ices, flowers, and everything that can be of any use. I am confident we shall have her about again before long.'

'Money is very powerful; it can do a great deal of good,' said the minister, looking with pity on the man's haggard face; 'I will call again.'

The next time that the Rev. Dr. Davidson called he met the doctor and the father in the hall. Neither noticed him.

'I tell you,' said the father, 'I will give you anything you can name. I will advertise you; I will be the making of you; I will build your fortune for you; I will——'

'Curmudgeon,' interrupted the doctor, laying a hand upon his arm, 'don't you suppose that I am doing all I can? Don't you know that all the wealth in the world could not make me do more? Do you believe that I would do for money what I would not do for love of that brave and suffering child upstairs or for you, my old friend? I am helpless. Human skill can do no more.'

The father buried his face in his hands, and entering the library closed the door.

'I have little hope,' said the doctor to the minister; 'it is one of the saddest cases that I have seen. In two hours we shall know, but I have little hope.'

The minister went to the library door and knocked softly. There was no answer, so he opened it and went in. The father was kneeling by the table, his head buried in his hands. He did not heed the minister's entrance. There was no one in the world for him but Bessie, and he feared the world would soon be empty.

'I will give it all, I will give everything,' Dr. Davidson heard him mutter, and the minister's face grew hard as he touched the kneeling man's shoulder. 'Money still,' he said, 'would you bribe God?'

The wretched man stirred and rose to his feet. 'You misjudge me,' he said brokenly; 'I did not mean it as a bribe. I was thinking that if he should give her back to me not all the world would hold enough to show my gratitude to him. These days have been strange days to me. I could not forget that verse, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." I never realized that I owed him anything before. If he takes Bessie he takes myall; if he leaves her to me—ah, then!'

'God is very merciful,' said the minister softly; 'you must not think he would take her away in anger. Whatever he will do is best.'

The moments dragged wearily away. No sound from the room above. No sound in the silent house. To one of those now watching it was the silence of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The moonlight glimmered through the unshaded window; the silver tones of a distant gell rang sweetly.

'To-morrow will be Easter Sunday,' quietly said the minister; 'the celebration of the Conquest of Death.'

No movement yet. Never since the world began had the moments passed so slowly. No message yet, and hope, which dies so hard, was dying. Upstairs in that quiet room the angels of Life and Death were contending and God directed the battle.

'"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken,"' murmured the broken man; 'shall I ever—finish it—shall I ever say "blessed"'—a light step upon the stairs, a quiet opening of the door, a figure with uplifted finger—an angel with a message!

'She is sleeping—with God's blessing she will live.'

'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' How easy, now, to finish it! For to him had come that blessing which 'maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.'

'Father, I think the minister has found his gold mine.'

'Has he, darling—why?'

'He told me that the debt was going to be paid. I asked him if he had found the buried money, and he said "Yes." Then I asked him how he found it.'

'And what did he say to that, Bess?'

'Oh, he looked so happy and said the angel rolled away the stone. I asked, "What angel?" and he said, "The angel Sorrow." I wanted to know all about it, of course, so I asked him when it happened.'

'And what did he say to that?'

'He said, "Why, don't you know, Miss Bessie? It was the morning you began to get better—it was an Easter resurrection."'

'Yer Can't Rub it Out.'

A little incident which I read not long ago, brings forcibly to mind a great truth. A very wealthy young fellow was standing before a costly plate-glass window, idly scratching upon it with a diamond which he wore on his finger. A small street urchin, after watching him for a while with evident signs of displeasure, finally said to the older boy, who was disfiguring the window:

'Don't yer do that no more; what yer doin' it for?'

'Why shan't I do it,' said the other. 'I guess I shall do it if I want to. Why not?'

'Because,' said the younger boy, and his voice became very earnest, 'because yer can't rub it out.'

Human character is the window, clear, flawless, glistening, smooth, upon which our every thought, word and action is leaving its certain trace. That unholy thought which brought a flush to the cheek and caused a start of guilt lest another should suspect it, cut its way right through the clear crystal, leaving an unsightly scratch behind. That unkind word to some one thus unkindly treated, but it also left a mark on your own character.

And the worst of it is that none of these unsightly scratches will rub out. Try as we will, we cannot rub out the marks which our daily lives are leaving upon our personal characters.

But if it be true that sin leaves its indelible mark, it is equally true that purity and kindness and unselfishness leave their trace upon the window of character. That aspiration after the good, the true, the holy, also cuts its way across the clear crystal.—The 'Christian Advocate.'

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Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Chamberlain—English Papers, Abridged.
Death of Sir Edward Blount—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Conquering Penny—Penny Postage to Australia—The 'Daily News,' London; the 'Morning Post,' London.
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Standard Oil Lawyer's Defence of Rockefeller—American Papers.
One May Moving—It Took Time, but Everything Arrived, and was put in the Wrong Place, at Last—The London 'Daily Telegraph.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Sir Edward Elgar Speaks Out—By E. A. Baughan, in the 'Outlook,' London.
Life Story of a Yiddish Bard—The Songs of Eliakum Zunzer The New York 'Evening Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

An April Bible—Poem, by Ella Gilbert Ives, in the 'Congregationalist, Boston.
A Good Friday Hymn—By Samuel Wesley.
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By the 'Roadmender'—The 'Daily News,' London.
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The Coming Race—The Philosophy of Americanism—By Professor Munsterberg—The 'Daily News,' London.
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LITTLE FOLKS

A Baby in India.

(By Mrs. W. B. Capron, in 'Mission Dayspring.')

Here is a baby going to sleep in this swinging cradle. You can see the bamboo which is put across two beams in the house, and the ropes for the cradle. There is a huge fan made from a leaf of the palmyra tree. Sometimes mosquitoes trouble

A SWINGING CRADLE IN INDIA

the baby, and sometimes small eye flies, and the fan will be useful.

The mother is singing the baby to sleep. The tune is generally a chant and a few notes, as if for a chorus. The chorus is something like our tra la la, and the chant is made up at the time. I once heard a mother singing:

'We'll buy the silver anklets.
Yes we will. Nanna annana na.
We'll buy the silver wristlets.
Yes we will. Nanna annana na.
The jewel of my eye will be a king.
Yes he will. Nanna annana na.'

The mother will go on with her little lullaby till the baby is asleep.

Another kind of cradle is more common than this. A long, wide strip of thin cloth is tied at the ends, and these ends are tied into a strong rope which is long enough to have the other end tied on the beam. The baby is swung in this and you see the outlines of the chubby form. This is cool and comfortable, though you might not think so. Poor mothers who work in the fields suspend these hammock-like cradles from the branches of trees, and the baby is thus quite safe from ants and insects.

The Hindu girls who have learned to sing sweet hymns in the Mission schools will sing them when they are rocking the babies to sleep.

Theodore's Best Enemy.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

'O, dear,' sighed Mother, 'there comes Theodore's best enemy.'

Aunt Marcia looked up from her crocheting.

'His best enemy!' in surprise. 'I suppose you mean best friend.'

Mother sighed another gentle sigh, this one a little longer than the other. 'No, but I wish I did,' she said, 'he's such a dear little enemy!'

'Why!'—Aunt Marcia was looking out of the window—'it's—it must be—the little boy Teddy told me about on the way up from the depot! He said he had a red sweater just like his own, and I'm certain he said they were very intimate—yes, I remember his very word, "in'mate"!'

'They are,' agreed Mother. 'They are very in'mate—enemies! Wait and see for yourself. It does not usually take very long.'

Aunt Marcia waited—and saw. It took a little less than five minutes. All at once the beautiful, sunshiny peace of out-of-doors was spoiled by an angry voice—two angry voices. They both seemed to be trying to make the most noise.

'I didn't!'

'Yessir, you did!'

'I guess I know!'

'No, you don't; I know!'

'Then I'm a-going right home, so there!'

'I just as lives—just as liveser, so!'

'He won't go home,' Mother murmured, the sorry creases in her dear face that the angry voices always creased, 'not any farther than the gate. Then Theodore will call him back and they'll make up—and begin again.'

'I see,' nodded Aunt Marcia gravely, 'I begin to understand. How long is there usually between?'

'Five, ten, fifteen minutes—or two minutes,' Mother said, sorrowfully, 'never more than fifteen.'

It was a little less than nine minutes by the dainty watch at Aunt Marcia's belt. The voices this time went up, up, up. There they stayed and said fierce, threaty things as fast as they could say them. It was awful! Aunt Marcia shuddered.

'Something ought to be done,' she exclaimed. 'Why not try doughnuts?'

'I've tried those, and cookies—and peppermints. They relieve, but never cure,' Mother rejoined sadly, 'nothing cures. I am getting discouraged.'

'Wait!' Aunt Marcia dropped her pretty lapful of wools and got up. 'I think I have it—Arbitration!' And she was gone, with a whirl of crisp skirts, out to the battlefield.

The two intimate little enemies were standing, red-faced and wrathful, glaring at each other. Between them, on the gravel walk, lay a gritty-looking stick of candy. At sight of Aunt Marcia both children began to make explanations at once.

'He bit 'cross my mark!'

'No, I never!'

'Then he sucked 'cross it, so there, an' sucking is bad as biting!'

The hard-pressed little enemy appealed to Aunt Marcia. 'I never did an'thing 'cept suck my half.'

'I saw his tongue!'

''Twasn't either; it was his tongue he saw!'

'Huh, 'sif I couldn't tell!'

'They look just 'zactly alike, tongues do; it was his own tongue he saw, so!'

'O, wait!' exclaimed Aunt Marcia, laughing in spite of herself. 'Come up here and sit on this step, both of you. I want to tell you something. Ready?' Well, when two countries fight—disagree,' correcting herself politely, 'and can't decide whose tongue is ''cross' the enemy's line, they are obliged sometimes to settle the dispute by arbitration. Ar-bi-tra-tion; its a long word, isn't it? But it simply means choosing another country that isn't 'intimate' with either of them to say which of them is right. Now if you were two little countries'—

'Play we were. I'll be 'Merica.'

'No, I want to be 'Merica!'

'America doesn't fi—quarrel,' Aunt Marcia interposed gravely. 'One of you can be—O, Russia, and the other one—er—Japan. Then we'll get—we'll get'—Aunt Marcia's eyes, seeking inspiration, lighted on the lordly old gobbler sauntering about the yard—'we'll get Turkey to arbitrate! He shall decide who shall have the candy! Do you both agree?'

As if they would not agree to a play like that! The old gobbler was coaxed up, and the case—and the gritty stick of candy—placed before him. He eyed it sagely—seemed to be weighing the claims of both hostile countries—stooped lower and lower—and gobbled it up! Turkey had arbitrated!

There was an instant's astonished silence, and then a new sound floated in to Mother's ears—a nice, friendly, jolly sound. Theodore and his best enemy were laughing at the tops of their voices!

Aunt Marcia came back, smiling. 'It was quite successful,' she said. 'It's a pretty good way to settle disputes. Everybody's satisfied—even Turkey!'

'If it would only last!' laughed Mother.

My Little Gray Kittie and I.

When the north wind whistles
round the house,
Piling snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm
hearth-rug—
My little gray kitty and I.

I tell her about my work and play
And all I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud, I surely
think
That she understands — don't
you?

She looks about with her big, round
eyes,
And softly licks my face,
As I tell her 'bout the word I
missed,
And how I have lost my place.

Then let the wind whistle, for what
to us
Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, none have such jolly times
as we—
My little gray kitty and I.

—From Angel of Peace.

Little Doctor Helen.

When little Helen heard that Captain Crosby was ill, she felt sorry, very sorry indeed. She had once been ill with the measles for nearly six weeks, and she knew how hard it was.

'Does he have to stay in bed, and is he all red spots?' Helen asked.

'Oh, no, he sits in the garden, and sometimes he takes a walk,' her mother said. 'He can't sleep, that's the trouble.'

By and by Helen went out to the kitchen. 'Norah,' she said, after she had eaten a fresh, crisp ginger biscuit, 'do you know where Captain Crosby lives!'

'Yes,' said Norah. 'He lives at the corner of John-street, just about ten minutes' walk from here.'

'I know where that is,' said Helen.

She walked slowly out of the kitchen door and down the little gravel path that led to her own special garden. In the garden there were all sorts of bright flowers; but the most beautiful of all was a great scarlet poppy, with rings of black and a heart of black and gold.

Helen knelt down close to the poppy plant and smoothed its rough stalk with her little hand.

'You'll have some more flowers,' she said, softly. 'You have ever so many buds, you know. And I must take your biggest child to Captain Crosby to make him sleep. On that pillow at grandmother's there are poppies, and it says, 'sleep well.' They are only embroidered poppies, but you are real.'

Then she broke off the great scarlet blossom with a long stem, and went to see Captain Crosby. When she reached the house there he sat in the garden, an old man, with a tired face. His eyes were shut, and for a minute Helen had a little lump in her throat.

'I have brought you my first big poppy, to put you to sleep,' said Helen, in her soft little voice. If you will hold it I think you will go to sleep very soon. It's from my very own garden.'

'Will you sit down close to me and tell me about the garden? asked Captain Crosby. 'I used to have one when I was a little boy.'

'Why, of course,' said Helen. She sat down on a stool close to the old captain, and told him all about her garden, and he held the big poppy and looked right into its heart while the soft voice went on and on. By and by the poppy slipped from Captain Crosby's hand, and Helen saw that he was sound asleep.

She sat still, thinking about the garden and the bees and butterflies, and before long her eyes were tight shut. When she opened them again, Captain Crosby's watch was in his hand.

'I must have slept over an hour,' he said. ''You and the poppy are a pair of wonderful doctors. I believe I shall sleep to-night and dream of my old garden.' And he did.

Many of you would like to be able to do what little doctor Helen did, wouldn't you? God bless the little doctors who unconsciously do us more good than all the medicine in the world!—'Christian Age.'

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LESSON VI.—MAY 7.

The Vine and The Branches.

John xv., 1-12.

Golden Text.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. John xv., 8.

Commit verses 5, 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 1.—John xv., 1-12.
Tuesday, May 2.—John xv., 13-22.
Wednesday, May 3.—John xv., 23-xvi., 7.
Thursday, May 4.—John xiv., 1-14.
Friday, May 5.—John xiv., 15-31.
Saturday, May 6.—Luke xiii., 6-9, 24-30.
Sunday, May 7.—Matt. vii., 15-23.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Here is another example of how Jesus loved his disciples to the end. He was within an hour of his betrayal, but his thoughts were upon his followers, not upon himself. He knows how soon and cruelly his enemies will close in upon himself, but he uses the last hours to confirm his apostles. The parable of the Vine is one means. It is the affirmation of a perpetual and close union, in spite of impending and violent separation.

There are some who believe that after the supper and before the agony in the garden, Jesus spent some hours of the night with his disciples in the temple. If so, the figure of the vine may have been suggested by the golden vine which Herod the Great had placed there above the golden gate; or some vineyard on the road may have given the hint. It is not necessary, however, to imagine any immediate suggestion, as the vine was the national emblem, woven everywhere into prophecy, song, and other literature of Israel. It was also one of the most familiar and beautiful of natural objects, the king of fruits in Palestine, source of wealth, joy, and strength to the people. In every respect it was worthy of the dignified and emblematic use Jesus made of it on this occasion.

Jesus opened his parable with a majestic ego, 'I am the Vine, ye are the branches.' It is as if he had said, 'As you surround me now and hang upon me, so shall it be and much more so, even when I am boldly absent from you.' But his language has a much wider sweep than that which would embrace the little company of his disciples then present.

In this figure of speech Jesus asserts in the strongest possible manner his fundamental relation to humanity. He is sole Source of spiritual life and fruitfulness. Abiding in the stock (Jesus) and pruned by the husbandman (The father), the branches (the disciples) live and bear fruit. (Verse 1.) Apart from the stock the branches wither. (Verses 5, 6.) The words of Jesus are the instrument by means of which the branch is pruned. His example and ideals of character and duty apprended, admired, and realized make genuine disciples, whose lives honor and commend the God they serve. (Verse 8.) He whose deliberate and perpetual choice is to maintain a vital union with Christ, and who to this end treasures his words in memory, is in the way of securing the things that are needful for his growth, comfort and usefulness. (Verse 7.) The love of Christ for his disciples is analagous in greatness, fervency, and constancy to the love which the Father has for the Son, a measurement great beyond all finite comprehension. (Verse 10.) In conclusion Jesus defines his object in speaking these words to his disciples. It is that his joy may remain in them. As the fellowship of the Son with the Father gives him infinite delight, so the conscious union of the disciple with the Master is source of blissful content. Up to the measurement of the disciple's capacity it can fill him with joy. (Verse 11.)

It would be difficult to conceive of figurative language used more skillfully or powerfully. The figure is extended in every possible way. The analogy being drawn out at every practicable point. The substance of it is the assertion of the spiritual oneness of Jesus and his followers, and his relation to them as Source of spiritual life and fruitfulness.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

At the very moment of impending separation, Jesus speaks to his disciples of a union which they might maintain with him as intimate and persistent as that which maintains between branch and vine. It was another way of saying to them, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

Men are joined to Christ, not as branches which shoot from the vine, but as those which are grafted into it. Grafts must be so joined to the stock as to make a vital union. Mere mechanical union is insufficient. In nature good scions are grafted into poorer stocks. In grace the poor, sinful scions are grafted into Christ, the true and good stock.

No one must be content with being merely grafted into Christ. There must be the ambition for abundant fruitfulness. Failure at this point insures ultimate separation from Christ.

Jesus' word is the pruning-knife, 'Now ye are pruned through the Word which I have spoken unto you.'

The figure from nature indicates the naturalness of the believer's relation to Jesus. Here is nothing arbitrary or fictitious. He who chooses to be a disciple, treasures the Master's teachings in his heart, actualizes them in life and deed, keeps himself open to the infinite life, such a one will have a wholesome and fruitful life.

Jesus spoke of his joy an hour before his agony. That joy was full and unimpaired, even by the shame and suffering of the cross.

Fancy has fairly spent itself in imagining how the figure of the vine suggested itself to Jesus' mind. One says that a vine draped the window where he was sitting as he talked. Another that they passed a vineyard while he was discoursing, and that a fire was kindled in it to destroy the dead branches. These suggestions are based upon the supposition that Jesus got his similitudes from what met his eye at the time. All this is artificial and unnecessary. John is so intent upon the subject-matter of Jesus' discourse that he forgets to give us the environment and scenery, if indeed, there was any of significance.

The substance of this figurative and hortatory sermon is the necessity of vital union with Jesus, and the blessed result of that union.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

I am the true Vine: Genuine, ideal, perfect, Vine in contrast to Israel, the stock which God had planted to bring forth fruit to him.—Exp. Greek Test. Christ is made through the sufferings of death a Vine putting forth its branches.—Luther. Father . . . Husbandman: Owner of the soil who tends the vine himself and establishes the relation between the vine and the branches.—Plummer. Branch that beareth not: As in a vine some branches may be fruitful, others barren, according as there is vital connection or not. So disciples may be fruitful or reverse, as they are vitally connected with Christ or but mechanically attached to him.—J. F. B. Branch that beareth he purgeth: pruneth, stripping it of what is rank: process painful, but no less needful than in natural husbandry.—Ibid. Now: Already, clean, through the word: already in a purified and fruitful condition through the long action of that searching word. Abide in me: Living, active, interpenetration. So my disciples: Evidence your discipleship. Continue in my love: Not loving me, but continue in the possession of My love for you. Keep my commandments: Obedient spirit of true discipleship, cherishing the continuance of Christ's love. I the Vine, ye the branches: great emphasis: only seeming tautology.—Stier. Without me: The question here is not of external doing and general influence upon me, but of the holy power to save ourselves and others through deliverance from sin and death.—Schmieder. Nothing: Leaves and sour grapes are not fruit.—Stier.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 7.—Topic—The making of a Christian: his exercise. Jas. i., 22-27. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

GIANTS AND GRASSHOPPERS.

Monday, May 1.—The messengers sent out. Num. xiii., 1-3.

Tuesday, May 2.—The marching orders. Num. xiii., 17-20.

Wednesday, May 3.—On the march. Num. xiii., 21, 22.

Thursday, May 4.—A bunch of grapes. Num. xiii., 23-25.

Friday, May 5.—A discouraging report. Num. xiii., 26-29.

Saturday, May 6.—Be of good courage. Ps. xxvii., 14.

Sunday, May 7.—Topic—Giants and grasshoppers. Num. xiii., 30-33.

Train the Teachers.

I think the reason for so many young people dropping out of Sunday-school is the scarcity of consecrated, qualified teachers. I have known more than one good class to be broken up because the teacher was absent so often, and when she did come, was unprepared to teach. The need of competent teachers is especially great for classes of young boys and girls who are coming to the years of maturity, for then, as never before, they are quick to see deficiencies in a teacher, and when they lose confidence in her ability to teach them, soon lose interest and drift away from the school.

Let every Sunday-school have a normal class into which shall be placed Christian young men and women. I think no one should attempt to teach Bible truth, who does not know the truth experimentally. Surely, one who does not know Christ could never win a soul to him. The Normal class should be in charge of some consecrated person, or persons, who knows how to teach, in the pedagogical sense of the word. Most Sunday-schools must contain some such ones. These young people would then be put through a course of Bible study and training, similar in some respects to that of our state normal schools, that would fit them to teach.

When any person has received sufficient training he could be assigned a permanent class on a certain condition, viz.: that he agree to keep the class a specified length of time, (his work being satisfactory), to be in his place promptly and regularly, unless detained by sickness, when a substitute could be provided from the Normal class.

When the Sunday-school has a corps of teachers who are baptized with Christ's own love for the lambs of the flock, who know how to reach and hold the boys and girls, there will be no difficulty in keeping young people in the Sunday-school.—Bertha Snell, in 'Ram's Horn.'

The soul grows by the right use of the power of choice.—A. H. Bradford.

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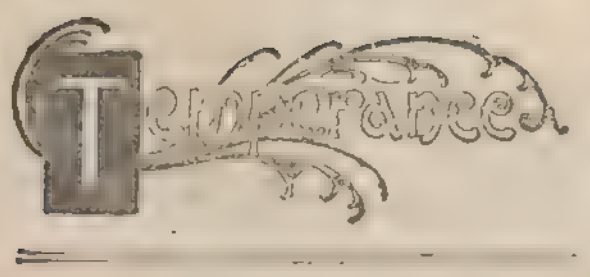

To the Heroic Soul.

(Duncan Campbell Scott, in the 'Atlantic.')

Be strong, O warring soul! For very sooth
Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
And only that persists which is the truth:
Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
And fury and are hot with toil and strain:
Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain:
Dream the great dream that buoys thine age with youth.
Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave:
He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave,
Then, from the portal where the ripple sings,
He bursts into the boundless morning—free!

The Safe Bridge.

The 'Alliance News' reprints an illustration that moderates will find well worth remembering:—

That grand old Scotchman, the late Rev. Dr. Arnot, once gave a good teetotal illustration. There are many men who will tell you that in order to keep on the safe side they know they 'are not obliged to sign away their liberty when they have had enough; no danger of their becoming drunkards,' and the like.

Dr. Arnot says: 'True, you are not obliged; but here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow footbridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may skip over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide; its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and the feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say, "I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber." True, true, you are not obliged, but as for us, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!'

An Easter Miracle.

(Cora G. Sadler, in the 'New Voice.')

Mrs. Hurlstun sat in the late light of an April day trying to finish before dark the work she took home from the factory. There were but two rooms in the cottage, and this one in which she sat served as kitchen, dining-room and parlor. The floor was bare, the furniture scant and meagre. Without, a cold rain splashed against the windows, and the clouds were low and gray.

Katherine Hurlstun was yet a young woman, but the joy had gone from her life, and despair and want crouched grimly at her door. Time was when the little home had been bright with comforts, and beautified with mutual affection. She had looked into the face of a tiny stranger one Easter morning, while the bells were ringing rapturously, and they had called the babe Easter, because of her joy.

Very sweet were the days that followed—days filled with home cheer and cradle-care. Katherine went about the house with a song on her lips and a gladness in her heart. But all this was years ago, before James Brainerd came to town.

'James Brainerd.' The letters were gilded boldly over the door of the one saloon that ever sent its streams of cursing into the quiet life of the little village. The proprietor, a silent, heavy-featured man of about fifty, lived alone in the spacious mansion he had built on the outskirts of the town. He had neither wife nor children, and never mingled in the social life of the people. His one purpose was to make money.

The great house was an object of much awe and curiosity to little Easter Hurlstun. She often passed it in her rambles, and admired the lawn with its shrubbery and bronze fountain. No one else in Norton lived in so fine a house, and she was fond of picturing its costly furniture, its pictures and mirrors.

But if the saloon proprietor had enriched his own home, to many of the other homes of Norton his coming had meant the gradual but sure withdrawal of the comforts, and even the necessities of life. Mrs. Hurlstun was not the only woman who bitterly wondered why he should have established his glittering saloon in the little town, and drawn away the fathers and sons to its bar and billiard rooms, until it was a common sight to see men reeling home late at night.

'Mamma.'

Easter's face was pressed against the window.

'There goes that rich Mr. Brainerd.'

'May God forgive him,' murmured the woman's white lips.

'Is he very rich, mamma? Jimmy Hartland told me about his house. His mamma has been up there to help in the house cleaning, and he went with her one day. Why, he says there are great bunches of flowers all over the floors—not really ones, you know, but they look just the same. Jimmy said he was 'most afraid to walk on 'em, but his mamma said that was what they were for. And there are velvet chairs with pillows, and——'

'There, child, don't talk any more. Your father will be coming soon, and you mustn't say anything about Mr. Brainerd to him. You know it always makes him angry when you do so.'

Easter was silent for a few minutes. Then she said, suddenly:

'Why does Mr. Brainerd have so many nice things and we don't have any? Why don't we have just one carpet, and some pretty chairs? I just 'spise these ugly chairs. Is it because he gets all the money?'

'There are a good many poor men that have helped to furnish his fine house,' replied Mrs. Hurlstun, more in answer to her own thought than the child's words. A tear fell on her work, blinding her vision. 'Oh, to think that it can be so!' she moaned. 'Oh, my poor heart! It will break!'

She laid down her stitching, and gathered Easter in her arms. 'The very best thing that could happen to us both,' she sobbed, 'would be to die this very night, and go to Heaven together.'

A shambling step outside caused the child to spring aside in quick alarm, just as her father entered with bent head and sullen bearing. In haste Mrs. Hurlstun arose, and spread the scanty meal. There was no blessing asked at that table, no word or look of affection. John Hurlstun ate hurriedly, in stolid silence, and then reached for his hat, and passed out again into the cold, wet night.

No need to question where he went. A dozen or more neighbors were already assembled in the bright room yonder, where James Brainerd's name shone under a great light that sent its rays far up and down the dark street. It had been pay-day at the mills, and there would be more jolly fellows in, a little later. Meanwhile the fumes of the liquor set men's blood tingling, and their brains wandering. The glasses tinkled, the piano gave forth the street songs of the day in furious time. Fill the glasses, join louder in the singing. There is cheer and life and comradeship here! What matter the silent homes where children have hearts break in the chill and dark?

* * * * * * * * *

The sun shone bright and clear the next morning. The night's rain had quickened the grass and trees into green, and the water lay in little pools along the streets. The air was full of the breath of spring, that spicy subtle, odor of the ground and woods.

James Brainerd sat alone in his library—a sumptuous room, with statuary and paintings and tiers of books from floor to ceiling. No one would have thought that this man loved books; but perhaps that was why he shunned men, and preferred to make his friends among the world's great masters of literature.

He settled himself comfortably in a great chair, and was absorbed in a book when there came a timid knock at the door. No one ever knocked at that door but Mrs. Burns, the old housekeeper, and this was not her rap. While he hesitated, the door swung slowly and noiselessly open.

A little child stood on the threshold where no child had ever stood before. Her golden hair fell in rings over her shoulders, her great gray eyes were wide with wonder, and her hands were folded across her breast. Her dress of white was worn and darned, but Mr. Brainerd did not notice that. All that he saw was the face, beautiful as a dream of an angel. He was silent for a moment from sheer surprise. Then, feeling an involuntary softening of his heart toward her, he inquired, a little harshly,

'Well, who are you, and how came you here?'

'Oh, I just walked in.' The little maiden's voice was soft and light as a chime of fairy-bells. 'The big door was open. I'm Easter Hurlstun, I is. My papa is John Hurlstun. He goes to your big saloon.'

'He does, does he?'

'Yes, and my mamma, she cries all the time. And last night she said it would be better for her and me both if we could just die right away and go to Heaven. And to-day is my birthday.'

'Your birthday, is it?'

'Yes, I'm six. To-day is Easter. That's why my name is Easter. Mamma said she used to be the happiest most of anybody in the world, when I was little. That was before my papa drinked—before you came here. There wasn't any saloon here then, and every one had enough to eat. She said you built your big house with my papa's money, and a lot of other little girls' papas' money. She says you're the wickedest, baddest man ever was. What makes you wicked?'

'Look here, Miss Easter, did your mother send you here to tell me all this? If she did, she just fell down on the floor—we don't have any flowers on our floor——' with a glance downward at the costly rugs; 'and Mrs. Burt, she came in and put her to bed; and papa just screamed all night, and mamma said I could take a little walk.'

'Well, I think you had better take another little walk,' said Mr. Brainerd, rising and pulling the bellrope vigorously. 'And, mind you, never, never take a walk into my house again. I don't like little girls, and the dogs will eat you up if ever you come back. Here, Mrs. Burns,' as the housekeeper made her appearance, 'show this little beggar out and see to it that she never gets in here again.'

Easter was angry now. She stamped her foot and the color glowed in her transparent cheek. 'I isn't a beggar,' she said, indignantly, 'but you,' raising her finger and pointing scornfully at him, 'you is a sinner, my mamma says, the baddest, wickedest man ever was. God is going to punish you—you needn't think he won't. You'd better get pretty sorry while there's a chance, 'cause if you should die right now there ain't any place too worse for God to send you.'

She shook off Mrs. Burns' restraining hand and marched away with her head very straight, while Brainerd settled himself again in his easy-chair.

'A saucy little thing, but what a beauty! So she is Hurlstun's baby. Too bad for a man to go to the dogs when he has such a child as that. Called me a sinner! Ha-ha! Everybody doesn't talk as plainly as that to James Brainerd!'

But he could not fasten his mind again upon his book. A glowing, scornful face looked out from the pages, and a childish voice rang in his ears.

'Pshaw! How foolish for me to be bothered this way. Nothing but a baby, yet I wouldn't want another call to be as uncomfortable as her's.'

(To be continued.)

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'Witness' Building

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—We hope you are remembering our 'Cot Fund.' Dr. Grenfell is coming to Montreal soon, and we hope to be able to tell him that our readers have sent in a nice little sum to begin with. Acknowledgements of the sums sent will appear from time to time in the 'Messenger.'

Your loving friend,
THE EDITOR.

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Col. iii., 1.

1.
Sadie M. Garret, Pearl McLeod, M. Fraser Ross.

3.
Flora Burge, Eunice M. Welsh, Mary E. Ward, Gordon Henry.

4.
Clara I. Eldridge (11), Emma Oxner, Evelyn H. F.

5.
Grace Lillian Call (13).

6.
Ida Bartlett (12).

7.
Anna G. Gordon, Fred Newcomb.

8.
Laura Brethet.

9.
Hildred D., John Grey Ramage, Sadie M. W., Edna M. Earl, Brandon Smith.

10.
Bessie C. Bentley.

11.
Marietta Fix (14), Mary Allen, Etta McL. (11), Annie Cunningham.

12.
Nora Johnson, Edna James, Ruby A. Smith, Christina Ramsay.

13.
Laura Mellow (8), George White, A. Grace Murray, Clara Cranston.

14.
J. L. C., George Miner, Alice Brethet.

15.
Jeannie Ramsay.

16.
J. R. H.

18.
Hazel A. Brown (12), Lloyd A. Nicerson, Ethel Myrl Condon (7), Jessie Belle Rutherford, Kate McGregor.

19.
Dorothy R. (2), Lyle P.

20.
Everett P. Ching, A. Merrill.

21.
Flora B. Roop.

22.
Maggie Bostwick (12), Harold Lloyd Stewart, Gertrude Thomson.

23.
Emma Lillian Nolan, Annie S.

24.
Marguerite I. Hunt, Maggie McFarlane, M. S. (10), Douglas Schell.

25.
Mabel Moore, Esther M. Read, Emma F. Read, Winnie Wallace, Stuart C.

26.
D. A. Stewart.

27.
Cora I. Bolton (7).

28.
James Ramsay, Annie Stewart, Ethel B. P., S. May Wood.

30.
Tyler B. Ching.

L. (16) sends a picture entitled 'Captain Swan.' A very majestic creature worthy of the name.

Barbara S. (17) sends us a nicely dressed little boy, calling him 'The Pride of the Family. He must be a very good, kind little boy to have earned such a name.—Cor. Ed.

Dillon Port, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I could not get an envelope large enough for a five-inch piece of cardboard, So I thought I would make it smaller.

MARY M.

(The title of Mary's picture is 'Teddy is a Worker,' and, indeed, the little fellow in overalls looks as if he was constantly hammering and sawing, doesn't he?—Cor. Ed.)

Sharp, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have a brother and a sister. We are not going to school this winter. My sister and I are intending to go to school in the summer. We have a mile and a half to go to school. I like reading and drawing best. This is the hardest winter that has ever been known around here. The men have to break roads about every other day. It has been hard on the old people. A great many of them have died, among whom are my grandpa and grandma, who were with us, and my Grandpa C. and a great-uncle. My Grandma C. has been sick all the winter. We have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and like it very much. It comes every Wednesday. I like the Boys' and Girls' Page and the Correspondence Page. Papa and my brother have chopped some cordwood.

MYRTLE M. S. (age 12).

(Myrtle titles her picture 'President McKinley. A short time ago L. L. sent us a picture of Gladstone; it is nice to have a picture of a public man in occasionally.—Cor. Ed.)

Stevensville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I like the Little Folks' Page and the Correspondence Page best. I go to school, and am in the junior fourth class. We live half a mile from the school. I thought I would send some drawings. I hope to see my letter in print.

MYRA E. W. age 10).

New Germany, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Seeing many letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one. I am a boy thirteen years old. I live on a farm. I go to school every day. This is my fourth term, and I am in the eighth grade. This winter the snow was nearly five feet deep. The snow is melting, and the water in the river is very deep (end of March). The river runs by our door. Sombtimes it overflows its banks, and the road is covered with water for about half a mile. The bridge has been carried away three times in two years. Last night the water came in our cellar. There are two churches and two halls very near our place A rotary mill has just been moved here.

EDWARD B. S.

Brooklyn, King's Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' is a very nice paper, and the drawings are very nice. I think Charles P. (age 12) has drawn a nice picture, and Nelson A. T.'s is a nice one, too. I think I will send you a picture too, and hope it is good enough to print. I have a dog, a cat and a kitten. We have a barn thirty feet wide and one hundred feet long. One of our sheep is ugly, and he keeps us out of the yard quite a lot. I have not seen a letter from Gladys B. S., of this place. We have had a rought winter, and lots of snow; and if any of you want any, we will send you a carload of it. Mamma is hooking a mat. She has got her forty-fifth mat in hand now. We have nineteen scholars at our school. I don't go to school this winter, but I think I will start this May. My birthday is on May 19. I have a seat-mate at school, and her name is Gladys S. I spent the day with her last Saturday. I have read some books, their titles being: 'Sunny Days,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Dick's Good-Night,' and also the 'Snow-Sweeper,' as well as others. I am taking music lessons, and am on the second quarter. I have one brother. I suppose I must stop. We have a kitten two days' old.

VERA B. B. (age 8).

(Vera sends us the delightful picture called 'Playmates,' She has given the little boy a real child's face.—Cor. Ed.)

Our birthday book has crowded out some of the letters that came with the drawings on this page. They will be given next week:—

Annie E. W., Stevensville, Ont.; Mary M. S., Sharp, N.B.; David S., Cullister, Shetland, Scotland.

HOUSEHOLD.

When Papa Comes Home at Night.

(Percy F. Bicknell, in the 'Standard.')

How the children's faces brighten,
  How they drop their toys and books,
How the mother's burdens lighten,
  How expectant each one looks,
How the youngsters run to meet him,
  How they shout in their delight,
How they throng to kiss and greet him—
  When papa comes home at night!

How all troubles seem to vanish,
  How all little quarrels cease,
How he seems all gloom to banish,
  How he brings in joy and peace;
How his smile smooths every wrinkle,
  How he sets all wrong aright,
How he unkinks every crinkle—
  When papa comes home at night!

Blest, ah, blest beyond all speaking
  Is that happy family
With a loving father seeking
  To preserve it trouble-free.
Let no harm, we pray, come near him—
  Suddenly death—untimely blight;
But long may his children cheer him—
  When papa comes home at night!

Economizing One's Self.

(Mrs. Helena H. Thomas, in the New York 'Observer.')

'I just ran in to telephone for some groceries, with your permission, for I am too dead tired to make myself sufficiently presentable to go for them.' Saying which a certain neighbor gave her order and then dropped into an easy chair like a dead weight.

'Have you had an unusually hard day?' I queried.

'Not especially,' was the answer, followed by a long-drawn sigh. 'Indeed, I had planned so little for the day that I hoped to get some rest, seeing the washing and ironing was out of the way, but I may as well give up looking for an opportunity to rest this side of the grave, for if it isn't one thing it's another to keep me on the keen jump.'

'I haven't much to show for the day, either,' she added, with another sigh, 'but it has been such a hot day that I have quite exhausted my strength running up and down cellar.'

'Why, what for?' queried an aged neighbor who had 'just come in to sit a while because the time hangs so heavy.'

'Because we don't take ice this summer, consequently as trifling a request as "a drink of water, please," means a journey up and down a long flight of stairs. When they came up on the price of ice I said, "That settles it; we will go without," so I have to take the consequences.'

Just here the woman who 'only finds time to glance over a daily,' reached for a household magazine which chanced to be open at a prize offer for 'Pet Economies,' which provoked:

'Well, I couldn't for the life of me name a single "pet economy," for I economize so constantly that I often say "Economy is half our income." Now my husband is begging me to consent to having a gas range, says I look so heated every time I sit down to the table that he does not enjoy his meal; but I tell him he can endure it if I can. It is well for him that he has a wife who knows how to economize, though he does not seem to realize how much to save by studying economy at every turn.

Now this woman prides herself on practicing what she considers economy, and avails herself of every opportunity to throw out hints which imply that she alone is worthy to be called an economical housewife, consequently one listener was more than glad when the 'Grandma' of the neighborhood, who is equally outspoken, in her way, said, in a chiding tone:

'Still you are ignorant of the first principles of economy, it seems to me, my dear.'

'Me! grandma, why, what do you mean?' was the puzzled reply of the woman who, forgetting her weariness, sprang to her feet but resumed her seat when urged:

'Oh, sit down while I have my say. I'll not hinder you long, but I hope you will take it kindly when I tell you that you are making the same mistake that is made by many another housewife, when you fail to economize yourself.'

'Economize myself!'

'Yes, and the sooner you begin to do it the better it will be for all concerned,' was the emphatic rejoinder. 'Now, for instance, you confess that you are 'deed tired," and you-surely look it, all because of your many errands to the cellar, which might have been prevented but for, what appears to me, a false or at least one-sided idea of economy in going without ice during the summer months.'

Then turning to her hostess the observant old lady put the query:

'How much more do you pay for ice than last season?'

'Twenty cents a month.'

'How many months have you been in the habit of taking ice?' asked grandma, looking at the woman who knows how to be a good listener when someone else has the floor.

'Four or five months,' was the hesitating answer.

'And so you wilfully travel up and down cellar day after day, all summer, just to save a paltry dollar. Well, well, I thought you had more sense,' said grandma, in so laughing a way that offense could not be taken. 'Now when I was young I was obliged to swelter over a hot stove and sit down to the table looking like a boiled lobster, and run up and down cellar the live-long day, as many who are far from city conveniences are still obliged to, but that is no reason why you should not make the most of what costs so little and means so much to yourself and family.'

'Pardon my plain speaking,' urged grandma, in a less earnest tone, 'but I've so much time to think, these days, and so I think of my neighbors and how I would like to give others a lift, as I used to, but all I can do to help along is to speak my mind, once in a while, and I don't know as that amounts to much.'

Grandma paused an instant and then, as her thin lips trembled, continued:

'You see I can never forgive myself for the mistake I made in bringing up my Maria to economize as I'd always done, even if it did come out of her very flesh and blood. But when I came to realize that she had inherited my ambition and hadn't the strength to go with it, I tried to hold her back, especially after we moved into the city where she could better save her steps; but she wouldn't see any necessity for trying to economize herself, and soon became a nervous wreck.

'She lived in that condition over a year and wailed from first to last over her mistake in not trying to economize her own strength before it was too late. Well,' added the speaker, in a tremulous voice, 'her place has long been filled by another, and I am childless. But forgive me if I have wearied you, dear.'

'Oh, that is all right, grandma,' replied the woman to whom the foregoing had been addressed, looking unsusally thoughtful, 'but I must run home now and start a fire or dinner will not be on time.'

'Make a fire this hot night! when she can well afford to have a gas stove and all possible helps!' said grandma, with a sigh, when we were left alone. 'Well, I presume I might have better kept silent, but I couldn't for the life of me.'

Grandma's advise proved to be good seed-sowing, however, for the day following the telephone was again in demand, and over it went an order for ice 'box service.' Then, when the receiver was hung up, I listened to the following:

'Yes, I have decided to take ice, and I am not going to lift it into the refrigerator, as I have done other years, and, besides, I have at last consented to have a gas stove, too.

'I confess that I was at first half inclined to be angry with grandma, even when she frankly told me that I, of all women, failed in economy, but—but I have done some serious thinking since, and I have come to the conclusion that I have been "penny wise and pound foolish." For some of my so-called "economies" have really amounted to very little in the aggregrate, while they have well nigh ruined both health and temper.

'However, from this time on, thanks to grandma's eye-opener, I shall consider it my first duty to economize myself.'

The Care of the Sick Children

Shall we send the children to the hospitals, and will better care be afforded in that way? So long as the home is healthful and the mother well and able, the answer is pretty nearly a unanimous negative. For the child, the comfort of the mother's presence and his trust in her, and the comparative ease with which he can be cared for, make it, as a rule, a better thing to have home conditions. If the mother be nervous, however, or if she be poor, and must neglect her child for her daily work, then by all means give the baby the benefit of quiet, skilful attendance and sunny rooms, and be sure he will be better off. A nurse having charge of the children's ward in a very large hospital tells the writer that after once sending a child to them, the mother never hesitates to trust them with her little ones a second time.—Clara L. Came, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

Letters.

Who does not like to get a letter from a friend? What pleasurable emotions are awakened by a sight of the familiar handwriting! How lovingly we gaze at the contents of that welcome envelope! and how the perusal warms and strengthens our affection for the sender!

Many of us who live in the city receive but few letters, and so write but few during the winter. But when the summer calls us away to seashore, or valley, or mountain top, we seek to bridge over the separation from our dear ones by letters to and fro. Then we become suddenly interested in the mails. We count the hours of their passage, and bend our steps gladly to the post-office. That is a red-letter day for us when several of the precious missives arrive at once, making us feel so rich that we look with deep compassion on those who have none. And so we would like to urge on our friends the occupation of letter-writing, not only that they may have the pleasure of getting answers, but also because they can often confer so much pleasure on others.—'Christian Globe.'

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(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

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Practical Hints.

Never let a tradesman call a second time for the amount due. If you keep him waiting, and calling again and again, you wrong him. You might as well rob him of his money as of his time, for time to him is money. Is it not practically dishonesty to do so?

Never try the temper of your friend by sending him a letter which is a labor to decipher. If you cannot write rapidly and plainly, write less rapidly and write distinctly. To waste the time of another through carelessness—is it not positive unkindness?

It would seem as if some persons had forgotten the very shape of the letters. If it is to be so with you, you should renew your acquaintance with them, and continue to trace them carefully, until you have overcome your bad habit.

I have heard a friend say, observed Dr. Marther, that there is a gentleman mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Acts, to whom he was more indebted than to any other man in the world. This is he whom our translation calls the town clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel it was to 'do nothing rashly.' Upon any proposal of consequence, it was not unusual for him to say. 'We will first advise with the town clerk of Ephesus.'

Never engage in anything on which you cannot look for the blessing of God. To act independently of him is practical atheism. To do his will should be your constant aim.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Selected Recipes.

To prepare a 'fish a la reine,' pick a pound of boiled fish into small pieces. Make a white sauce of one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and one cupful of cream. Add to it the fish, two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper, and heat it thoroughly over hot water. At the last add the beaten yolk of one egg and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Hashed brown potatoes are made more appetizing by the addition of a little vinegar. Chop raw potatoes fine, allowing one potato for every member of the family. Soak them in very cold water for ten minutes. Then drain and dry them. Put into a frying pan two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat or butter to every pint of potatoes. Add the potatoes, season with salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Cover, set them on the back of the stove and cook until tender. Then draw them forward, brown and fold them like an omelet.

Cabbage au gratin is an excellent luncheon dish for cold days, or it may be served as an entree at dinner. To prepare it, cut the cabbage into rather large pieces, put into cold water and let it come to a boil. Drain it, plunge it into hot salted water and boil until tender. Drain it again. Then put a layer of it into a baking dish, cover with white sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese. Continue the layers until the cabbage is all used. Cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake until a golden brown. To make the white sauce, allow one tablespoonful each of butter and flour to one cupful of milk, and season with salt and pepper.

Quick Egg Soup.—This is easily made, and is a nourishing and light soup. Stir two teaspoons of beef extract into a quart of boiling water or use stock, if you have it—season with onion juice, celery salt, salt and pepper. While hot pour it on the well beaten yolks of two eggs, add three or four tablespoons of boiled rice and serve.

Oat Cakes.—Take three dessertspoonfuls of melted dripping, and mix with it one pound of oatmeal. Add a pinch of salt, and enough water to make into a stiff dough. Kneed until smooth. Roll out very thin. Cut into cakes with the top of a tumbler, and bake in a hot oven till firm; then rub with meal, and toast until they curl at the edges.

Fish salads are good supper dishes, and take the place of cold meat. Use any kind of good white fish, halibut, if possible, or salmon. Flake it with a silver fork and mix with an equal quantity of chopped celery or white cabbage. Place on lettuce leaves and pour over it a thick mayonnaise.

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